THE Intelligencer.

NUMB; XIV.

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Printed by S. HARDING next Door to the *Crown* in *Copper-Alley*.

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Intelligencer:

THERE is an old Heathen Story, That *Prometheus*, who was a Potter in *Greece*, took a frolick to turn all the Clay in his Shop into Men and Women, separating the Fine from the Courſe, in order to diſtinguiſh the Sexes. The *Males* were formed of a mixture *Blue* and *Red*, as being of the toughest Conſiſtence, fitter for Creatures deſtin'd to Hardſhips, Labour, and difficult Enterprizes; the *Females*

Females were molded out of the moſt refined Stuff, much of the like ſubſtance with *China-ware*, Tranſparent, and Brittle; deſigning them rather for Show and Beauty, than to be of any real uſe in Life, farther than that of Generation. By the Tranſparency he intended the Men might ſee ſo plainly through them, that they ſhould not be capable of *Hypocriſy*, *Falſhood* or *Intrigue*; and by their britleneſs, he taught them, they were to be handled with a Tenderneſs ſuitable to their delicacy of Conſtitution.

IT was pleaſant enough, to ſee with what Contrivance and Order, he diſpoſed of his Journey-men in their ſeveral Appartments, and how judiciouſly he aſſigned each of them his Work, according to his Natural Capacity, and Talents, ſo that every Member, and part of the Humane Frame, was finiſhed with the utmoſt exactneſs and Beauty.

IN one Chamber you might ſee a *Leg-ſhaper*; in another a *Skull-roller*; in a third an *Arm-ſtretcher*; in a fourth a *Gut-winder*; for each Workman was diſtinguiſhed by a proper Term of Art, ſuch as *Knuckle-turner*, *Tooth-grinder*, *Rib-cooper*, *Muſcle-maker*, *Tendon-drawer*, *Paunch-blower*, *Vein-brancher*, and ſuch

such like; but *Prometheus* himself made the *Eyes*, the *Ears*, and the *Heart*, which, because of their Nice and Intricate Structure, were chiefly the business of a *Master-Workman*. Beside this, he compleated the whole, by fitting and joyning the several parts together, according to the best Symetry and Proportion. The Statues are now upon their Legs. *Life* the chief ingredient is wanting, *Prometheus* takes a *Ferula* in his Hand, (a Reed of the Island *Chios* having an Oily Pith) steals up the Back-stairs to *Apollo*'s Lodgings, lights it Clandestinely at the Chariot of the *Sun*, so down he creeps upon his Tip-toes to his Ware-house, and in a very few Minutes, by an Application of the Flame to the Nostrils of his *Clay Images*, sets them all a stalking and staring through one another, but intirely insensible of what they were doing. They looked so like the latter end of a *Lord-Mayor*'s Feast, he could not bear the sight of them. He then saw it was absolutely Necessary to give them *Passions*, or Life would be an insipid thing, and so from the Super-abundance of them in other *Animals*, he culls out enough for his purpose, which he Blended and Tempered so well, before Infusion, that his Men and Women became the most amiable Creatures, that thought can conceive. *Love*

Females were molded out of the moſt refined Stuff, much of the like ſubſtance with *China-ware*, Tranſparent, and Brittle; deſigning them rather for Show and Beauty, than to be of any real uſe in Life, farther than that of Generation. By the Tranſparency he intended the Men might ſee ſo plainly through them, that they ſhould not be capable of *Hypocriſy*, *Falſhood* or *Intrigue*; and by their britleneſs, he taught them, they were to be handled with a Tenderneſs ſuitable to their delicacy of Conſtitution.

IT was pleaſant enough, to ſee with what Contrivance and Order, he diſpoſed of his Journey-men in their ſeveral Appartments, and how judiciouſly he aſſigned each of them his Work, according to his Natural Capacity, and Talents, ſo that every Member, and part of the Humane Frame, was finiſhed with the utmoſt exactneſs and Beauty.

IN one Chamber you might ſee a *Leg-ſhaper*; in another a *Skull-roller*; in a third an *Arm-ſtretcher*; in a fourth a *Gut-winder*; for each Workman was diſtinguiſhed by a proper Term of Art, ſuch as *Knuckle-turner*, *Tooth-grinder*, *Rib-cooper*, *Muſcle-maker*, *Tendon-drawer*, *Paunch-blower*, *Vein-brancher*, and ſuch

ſuch like; but *Prometheus* himſelf made the *Eyes*, the *Ears*, and the *Heart*, which, becauſe of their Nice and Intricate Structure, were chiefly the buſineſs of a *Maſter-Workman*. Beſide this, he compleated the whole, by fitting and joyning the ſeveral parts together, according to the beſt Symetry and Proportion. The Statues are now upon their Legs. *Life* the chief ingredient is wanting, *Prometheus* takes a *Ferula* in his Hand, (a Reed of the Iſland *Chios* having an Oily Pith) ſteals up the Back-ſtairs to *Apollo*'s Lodgings, lights it Clandeſtinely at the Chariot of the *Sun*, ſo down he creeps upon his Tip-toes to his Ware-houſe, and in a very few Minutes, by an Application of the Flame to the Noſtrils of his *Clay Images*, ſets them all a ſtalking and ſtaring through one another, but intirely inſenſible of what they were doing. They looked ſo like the latter end of a *Lord-Mayor*'s Feaſt, he could not bear the ſight of them. He then ſaw it was abſolutely Neceſſary to give them *Paſſions*, or Life would be an inſipid thing, and ſo from the Super-abundance of them in other *Animals*, he culls out enough for his purpoſe, which he Blended and Tempered ſo well, before Infuſion, that his Men and Women became the moſt amiable Creatures, that thought can conceive. *Love*

Love was then like a pure Veſtal-flame, not made up of ſudden Joy, Tranſports, and Extaſies, but Conſtant, Friendly and Benevolent.

Anger did not appear horrid, and frightful by Turbulent Emotions of the Breaſt, and Diſtortions of the Face, but preſerved a Dignity of Reſentment in the Countenance, commanding a Reverential awe in the Offender.

Fear did not in the leaſt encroach upon the Bounds of Fortitude, by a ſlaviſh Dejection of Spirits, nor was it ever ſeen upon any occaſion, but as a Monitor, to prevent the doing of any Action, which might be attended with Diſgrace, or Repentance.

In the ſame manner was every Paſſion and Appetite under the beſt Regulation and Dominion of reaſon. The World would have been a moſt delightful Scene had People continued in this Situation, but alaſs! there can be no Happineſs here without a mixture of miſery.

Prometheus is apprehended for his Theft, and Preſumption, bound faſt in Chains to a Rock, with a *Vulture* to prey upon his Liver.

His

His Journey-men get Drunk for joy, they were now their own Masters, during which interval, they fall to Man and Woman making with exceſſive Precipitation and hurry. Now you might ſee a ſmall Head ſet upon a pair of broad Shoulders; a Noſe too long too ſhort, too thick, too ſmall or awry, on the Face; A large heavy Carcaſs reard upon a ſmall pair of Spindle Shanks, by which means they became bandy; a long Chin to a ſhort Face; One Arm longer than the other; Eyes too big for their Sockets; Mouths three times too wide, or too narrow; every Part and Limb almoſt choſen and put together at random. But to conclude the Farce, when they came to the Paſſion-work, inſtead of blending, and tempering them in true Proportion, they took them from the worſt of *Animals* ſimply, and by gueſs. To one was given the Rage and Fury of a *Wolf*. Hence came a moſt Virulent, Perſecuting, Malicious Villain; from whom has deſcended thoſe boiſtrous and outragious Peſts of Society, who are every Day diſturbing our Peace; the only bleſſing we can enjoy upon Earth. To another the Poiſon and Rancour of a *Toad*, from whom ſprang the revengeful, who upon the leaſt touch of Offence, are ever upon the watch, to ruin the inadvertent.

To

To another the Subtilty and Cunning of a *Fox*, from whom we trace the *Politician*, who turns all the motions of his Soul to *Seducing, Betraying, Surprizing, Fair-Promises with foul Intentions, perpetual Stratagems to his own advantage, under the Specious appearance of the publick Good.*

To another the Alertness of a Monkey. He begat a large family of Jibers, Buffoons, and Mimicks; these are a numerous breed and dispersed over the Face of the whole Earth. The chief business of their Lives is to make People laugh at one another, and not to spare eventheir nearest Friends; who while they are Copying the imperfections of others, bring themselves to be *Originals*. You may distinguish this happy Race by their Hawk-noses, One Eye less than t'other, and a perpetual Sneer, which by repeated Habit, becomes inseparable from their Faces. To another the Pride of a *Peacock*. He turns *Beau*, stiches all the Tinsel about him, that he can; hangs a Tayl to his Head, and so Walks through the World. To another the Gluttony, Laziness and Luxury of a *Hog*. From him are descended your pamper'd Citizens, and others, whose chief exercise consists in Eating and Drinking;

ing: They are very eaſily diſtinguiſhed by the Plumpneſs and Rotundity of their *Dewlap*, the *Toroſity* of their *Necks* and *Breaſts*, and the *prominence* of their *Abdomen*. Numberleſs are the Inſtances might be given of the predominance of Brutes, thus occaſioned in Men, but that I haſten to give a Summary Account of the *Animals*, chiefly choſen by theſe Journey-men, to give proper accompliſhments to the other Sex, *viz. Cats, Ferets, Weazels, Vipers, Magpies, Geeſe, Wagtails, Rats, Stoats, Ratle-Sneaks, Waſps, Hornets*, and ſome few others. It is needleſs to inform the Reader, what Qualities were infuſed from theſe, when he can behold them ſo plainly in one half or more of his Female Acquaintance. And I dare venture to ſay, that you can hardly go into a Family, where you may not diſtinguiſh ſome one Lady eminently remarkable for a lively reſemblance to one, or more of the aforeſaid *Animals*; Upon the whole, I ſhall make this Remark, that the Handy-work of *Prometheus*, and their Progeny, are to be diſtinguiſhed with the greateſt eaſe, from that of his Journey-men; his being all *Humane, Benevolent, Eaſy, Affable, Good-humoured, Charitable*

ble and *Friendly*; whereas thoſe of his Journey-men are *Cruel*, *Malicious*, *Turbulent*, *Moroſe*, *Ill-natured*, *Snarling*, *Quarrelſome*, *Pragmatical*, *Covetous*, and *Inhuman*, which we dayly experience among the *great Vulgar* and *the Small*, nor can all the Power of Art, or Education, intirely Waſh away the Dirt of the Journey-man's Palm, or quite Aboliſh, or reſtrain that Exuberance of wrong Paſſions which are owing to the cauſe already aſſigned. And I will ſay farther, that I know nothing elſe in Nature, but what may by *Cultivation*, or *Chymiſtry* change it's Nature, ſuch Perſons only excepted, who have had a wrong Impreſſion at firſt and *Human Excrements*; But this being of too foul a Nature, to bear a Diſſertation in *proſe*, I ſhall Tranſcribe it, as it was Cooked up in *verſe*, for the Taſte of the Polite, being a very fit Emblem, to explain this Great, and uſeful Maxim, *That there is no method as yet found out, to change Natural Inclination.*

The

THE

TALE.

OF THE

T——D.

A *Pastry-Cook* once molded up a T——
(You may beleive me when I give my Word)
With nice Ingredients of the fragrant kind,
And *Sugar* of the best, right Doubl' refin'd,
He

He blends them all; for he was fully bent
Quite to annihilate it's Taſte, and Scent.
With Out-ſtretcht Arms, he twirls the (Rolling-Pin,
And ſpreads the yielding *Ordure* ſmooth and (Thin.
'Twas not to ſave his Flow'r, but ſhew his Art,
Of ſuch foul *Dough* to make a ſav'ry *Tart*.
He heats his Ov'n with care, and bak'd it well,
But ſtill the Cruſt's offenſive to the Smell;
The *Cook* was vext to ſee himſelf ſo foil'd,
So Works it to a *Dumpling*, which he boyl'd;
Now out it comes, and if it ſtunk before,
It ſtinks full twenty times as much, and more.
He breaks freſh *Eggs*, converts it into *Batter*,
Works them with *Spoon* about a Wooden- (Platter,

To

To true consistence, such as *Cook-maids* make
At *Shrovetide*, when they toss the *pliant Cake*,
In vain he twirls the *Pan*, the more it fries,
The more the Nauseous, fetid Vapours rise.
Resolv'd to make it still a sav'ry bit,
He takes the *Pan-Cake* rolls it round a *Spit*,
Winds up the *Jack*, and sets it to the fire;
But roasting rais'd it's pois'nous fumes the (high'r.
Offended much (although it was his own,)
At length he throws it, where it shou'd be (thrown,
And in a Passion, storming loud, he cry'd,
If neither back'd, nor boyl'd, nor roast, nor (fry'd,
Can thy offensive Hellish Taint reclaim,
Go to the filthy Jakes from whence you came.

THE

THE

MORAL.

THIS *Tale* requires but one short Application,
It fits all Upstart Scoundrels in each *Nation*,
Minions of Fortune, Wise Men's jest in Pow'r,
Like Weeds on *Dunghils* Stinking, Rank, and Sour.

FINIS.